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From the Memphis Bulletin.

TO THE TRUE "WHIGS" OF SHELBY COUNTY AND OF TENNESSEE.

We address you by this venerable nomenclature because it is one by which we have ever, in such participation as we have had with the politics of the country, known that we were designating a class of men in which patriotism was paramount to the spirit of Party—a class of men in whose bosoms there glowed the calm and steady but intense sentiment of *Americanism*, as contrasted with that which was not so, either in principle or in legislative policy—a class of men who, valuing at its true worth the wisdom of the sages and heroes who founded the Republic and cemented its foundation-stones with their blood, were chary to make rash experimental departures from the lines they had chalked out for our national career—a class of men who, receiving with alacrity their political doctrines from WASHINGTON and his most trusted associates, have "kept the faith" as handed down and expounded to them by the CLAYS and WEBSTERS of their own day—a class of men, in short, who, by whatever name designated, now or heretofore, were but a few years ago found in solid phalanx together, talking, writing, voting in one way on the side of the Country, where-ever misgovernment had endangered its prosperity, or political heresy threatened to impair its stability. It is to these, our old and constant associates in many a hard-fought political struggle, and to such as these—those who, discarding all minor or transient differences, cling with unaltered attachment to the one faith, the one sole aspiration, the single hope for the solid and permanent good of the Republic, which distinguished the old Whig Party—that we now address ourselves. The aspect of the times demands it, and the past devotion to the cause recorded in an editorial career of twenty years, which no misconception can blur, no malicious and interested misrepresentation obliterate, warrants it. We—an unchanged and unfaltering conservative Whig—desire to take counsel with and lend a hearty co-operation to the efforts of those who, at heart still of the same faith, would arrest the radical tendencies and eradicate the corruptions infused into the body politic by the dominating parties of the day.

What is the state of political affairs you are called upon to deal? In the Nation we find a victorious party, charged with the high responsibility of administering the government on national rather than sectional grounds—entrusted with that lofty mission in great part through your suffrages—torn and distracted with mere personal feuds between its rival chieftains. No longer homogeneous as a party of well-defined political principles and clearly announced legislative measures, the aspirations of individual and the passions of geographical sections fill the political arena marked out by it, and give occupation to those who direct its destinies. As if to give an unexampled demonstration that men not measures, is the governing consideration, and thus to destroy all confidence in its future management of the permanent interests of the country, the spectacle has been but recently presented of a Democratic Administration exerting its whole power and influence to defeat one of its ablest and most patriotic adherents—thus "giving aid and comfort" to the demon of Sectionalism—and that, too, while he was battling with the monster fairly and squarely, plumb upon one of the most prominent planks in the "platform" of principles upon which that Administration was raised to power! Everywhere throughout the land, not only is it manifest that the odious doctrine of "to the victors belong the spoils" is acted upon, but that entire democratic camp is in a state of mutiny and insubordination from the rivalries, jealousies and animosities between the victors themselves. If perfect honesty of purpose and entire soundness of policy were conceded to it, it is palpable that, under its present internal disorganization, it is wholly unfavorable to lead the country from the evils which threaten it.

On the other hand, the demon of Sectionalism, taking hope from this saturnalia of the party claiming to be and heretofore trusted by the people as national, rears again its front both North and South, and by its horrid hissing adds to the confusion, while it awakens fresh alarms in the minds of all who would wish to see the country well governed peaceful and united.

Descending from the arena of national politics, there is little less to justify a "sane indifference" on the part of true Whigs, and conservative men generally, on the theatre of our local State affairs. Here, too, intoxicated by the ascendancy given it by the dispersion of the whigs of Tennessee, the democratic party has given itself up to intestine broils, and is threatened with becoming the prey of personal ambition and radical experimentation. Stained as is already the heretofore fair escutcheon of our proud State by the damning shame of stupendous but unpunished peculations in high places, the indications now are that she is to be drifted from her ancient moorings on a stream of foolish and uncalculated for innovation upon the

Credit System under which she has grown great and prosperous, the end whereof is that precipice over which was plunged the world's confidence in the only two "hard money" States of the Union—REPUBLICAN. The proclamation has gone forth that the banking system of our State is to be, not reformed and improved, but abolished and eradicated. Young, aspiring and daring politicians who, despite the frowns or remonstrances of their seniors have leaped into the places of chiefdom of the democratic party, put forth that as their policy, and, however much they may temporize with or seek to hoodwink their "old fogy" contemporaries into a continued unity of political relations, to that radical end are all the aims of the New Democracy of Tennessee directed. It is the "Jacob's Ladder" by which they seek to climb above the leaders against whom they have revolted, and they will "take no step backward," unless it be but temporarily in order to get a better and firmer foothold.

In such a condition of political affairs, what is demanded? of the unchanged Whigs of Tennessee, alike by the duties of patriotism and the promptings of a just self-respect? Dispersed, scattered into different organizations, following each the impromptu impulse of his own judgment in determining between what was at best with him a choice between things more or less objectionable, they have been as it were sojourners among a strange people, who, however hospitable and however respectable, were not their people. Like the broken members of a household distributed among neighboring families, they have been powerless in the social organization around them, and have yearned for the respectability and the influence of a home of their own. The time has arrived, in our judgment, when it is their duty, both to themselves and to their country, to provide one. They should ORGANIZE, and lift up again the tattered remnant of the old standard, and proclaim anew such as are practically applicable of the old doctrines. The permanent well-being of the State demands, now as aforesaid, that Radicalism, in whatever guise it may come, should be met and encountered by Conservatism; and who more fit to lead the way than the scarred remnant of the Old Whig Guard that, while they bent to the resistless tide of adverse fate, never surrendered? That they will have, the ball once set in motion, the co-operative aid of hundreds and thousands of "good men and true" who may now, or may heretofore have been called by other party designations, who can doubt? From the plains and from the mountains, from hill-side and valley, will they not come, the patriotic "Americans" in whose veins courses none but the old whig blood?—and are there not thousands of "old-line" democrats, who, preferring Country and the welfare of their children to Party and its fleeting triumphs, will swell the ranks?

It seems so to us. At any rate, we believe it a duty of the old whigs to inaugurate the movement; and thus follow the good example of their brethren in Massachusetts, Maine, and other quarters, by making the weight of their influence felt. They will at least have fulfilled the obligations of patriotism. It can scarcely be possible that such a feeling as jealousy or rivalry can be excited by it in the breast of any; for they are too few in number, too unambitious of place, to furnish to their own ranks a title of the candidates needed in any systematized Opposition to the phase which "democracy" has put on in Tennessee.

We submit the matter to the whigs of the State, and of this city and county, for their consideration. We shall be glad to have their views, and will take pleasure in giving place to them in the columns of the CHRONICLE.

Would it be asking too much of our friends of the American Press throughout the State, to lay the foregoing before their readers?

HOW THE TARIFF OF 1846 WAS CARRIED.—We have received a communication from a gentleman, who was formerly a manufacturer in England, which informs us that to procure the repeal of the tariff law of 1842, or as it is stated, "to disseminate free trade principles, and to assist the political party in this country which opposed protection," there was a fund of £600,000 raised by taxing the manufacturers of England, each in accordance with the amount of his business.

The gentleman who gives the information was preparing to leave England at the time, and refused to pay his quota of the tax.

WE HAVE NEVER HAD A DOUBT AS TO THE means which were used to destroy what Daniel Webster pronounced "the best tariff law we ever had." If the sum stated, which is equal to \$3,000,000, was all that the tariff of 1846 cost the English manufacturers, it must be acknowledged that the American interests have been sold pretty cheaply. There has not been a year since the enactment of the law which has done so much to injure the industry of our country, that it had not been worth ten times the sum named to England. The same means which have been used to procure a free trade ad valorem tariff, will be used to retain it, and to a much greater extent. The friends of American industry cannot watch the advocates of free trade too closely. There is no candor in their arguments. They do but aim at a degrading and stupid men.—*Phil. News.*

WHAT SHE WAS—WHAT SHE IS.—Thirty four years ago, Randall McGavock was Mayor of Nashville—a village containing about 4,300 persons, without even a turnpike approaching it. Now, his grand nephew, Randle W. McGavock, is Mayor of Nashville—a city with 30,000 inhabitants approached at three points by railroads, and with several others in contemplation.—*Nashville News.*

SPEECH FROM MR. CRITTENDEN.

We learn from the New York papers, that Hon. John J. Crittenden made another great speech on the Union at the dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, on Monday night. Three hundred old Knickerbockers applauded to the echo of the noble and soul stirring sentiments so forcibly uttered by the eminent orator. He was introduced after the reading of the following toast:

"The Union—Many States, but one People—honorable rivalry—no jealousy—one & only—Music—Hail Columbia.

After this toast the President remarked that honored as they had been by the attendance of so many distinguished gentlemen, yet it was an additional honor for him to introduce to them the Hon. John J. Crittenden, Senator of Kentucky.

The audience arose and applauded Mr. Crittenden, and he responded in the following speech:

MR. CRITTENDEN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Crittenden rose amid excessive demonstrations of applause, at the conclusion of which he returned thanks for the honor done him, and begged leave to be excused from proceeding. [Cries of "go on," "go on."] The flattering manner in which the toast had been received, proved plainly that the sentiments which it expressed were dear to the hearts of those around him. [Loud cheers.] Our independence as an enlightened nation, our liberty as freemen, our existence as men, consisted in the preservation of our Republican form of government—our consolidated and indivisible States. [Loud cheers.] The Union! Glorious word! By that name our fathers rushed into the struggle for liberty; by that name they formed our Constitution, and upon the existence of that Union, our national destiny must forever rest. The Union was the soul, the very heart of the nation itself, and in its existence consisted the existence of national life in the American people. [Applause.] To preserve ourselves—to save us from ruin in every shape—to uphold the fight for universal independence, the confederacy must and should be maintained. [Cheers.] When he reflected upon the glorious memories of the past, of battles lost and one, of dangers braved, of names desolated and blood spilled, as well as upon the hope of the present, his heart burned with a new love for our united country. [Applause.] Such reflection would serve a good purpose every where, and if only indulged in, would tend to cement the States together for all time in feelings of amity and brotherly love. [Applause.] The St. Nicholas Society, he believed, cherished the Union, and well they might. The ever to be remembered struggle of William of Nassau, at the head of the seven provinces, for liberty, was very similar to our own national struggle. Though often defeated, yet never dispirited, and still ever fighting on, the battle seemed to him to our Washington, that

"Though 'twas often lost,
'Twas ever won." [Cheers.]

He wished to give utterance to his belief that it was the destiny of this Union to perpetuate and establish liberty. The old Dutch ancestors of his audience when coming to this country, had brought with them the seed from which our liberty sprang and ripened. The rise of the Dutch republic more closely resembled that of our own than any other recorded upon the pages of history, and William of Nassau bore, as any reader of the record knew, no mean resemblance to the great characteristics of the Father of our Country. [Applause.] The members of the St. Nicholas Society were bound to this country and Union by hereditary obligations, and he believed that they cherished in their hearts, as he did in his, (placing his hand upon his heart, and amid great cheering.) He knew his country only by its name, its holy name of UNION. Well did he love his native State, and feel too proud to boast that he was a Kentuckian; (tremendous cheering;) but prouder yet was he to lay claim to that God given title, an American citizen. [Renewed cheering.] If there was a spot of ground upon which he trod, from the Battery to San Francisco; he felt proud in knowing that it belonged to his united country. It was, indeed, a great and glorious country. Providence seemed especially to have designed that country for the habitation of liberty. We were bound together by one language—a language that would not allow us to designate one State from another. He had also given us the same laws, and subjected us to the same ordeals in the early settlement of the country. He so wisely arranged it, that even before there was any agreed-upon Confederacy, we felt the necessity of our respective colonies of giving and taking assistance—of uniting for some object which one alone could never have obtained. He introduced us into the Revolutionary struggle, at a time when no one colony could have carried it on for a day, and thus brought us to a Union which had long existed in our feelings, and which could never have been avoided, so intimately were our interests, our hopes and our fears, as well as our safety, blended. Could the South claim all the honor of that great struggle for liberty? Or the North? No! No! Washington said in his farewell address, there was a Providence who watched over us, upheld us, and finally saved us, after the most memorable contest for freedom on the gleaming page of history. [Great applause.]

He loved to believe that God had His hand in this great work; that the Union was of God and so far above man that all his efforts could not destroy it. He loved to think when in the height of the tempest, the gallant ship of State dashed about, that an Almightly hand guided it to a haven of safety. Such thoughts were truly pleasant to indulge in.

Some of those then present were prob-

bly able to look back to the time when the lower part of New York was the whole city, and when the centre was but woods, interlined with cow paths. Let them look and marvel at the change. New York was now one of the mightiest of cities, and yet the homes of which she was built were not old. No, it was evidence of our advancing prosperity in city, town and country, with a sure and unflinching step. The man who could oppose a nation so blessed as our own, must be the meanest of wretches; he should not be accused of treason, but of a sad want of taste.—[Laughter.] Such a person was hardly fit to be hanged. [Cheers and laughter.] We were many States, but one People, and one nation. There were rivalries among the parts, but they were generous rivalries, and only existed in order to demonstrate which of the States could do the most for the Union; and then the Union itself went to work to show how much it could do for the States. The man who could pluck such flowers, was like one who could pluck the heart from a beast, and cast it from him. [Cheers.] He heard people cry "the Union as long as it gives us liberty." Such people looked upon the Confederacy as a means; he looked upon it as an end. By preserving it, we preserve our liberties; by deserting it, we openly desert our liberties. With Webster, he would cry, and wherever he went, and on all occasions, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."—[Great applause.] That should be the motto for all our countrymen to learn.—He believed in his heart that New York went for the Union! [Great applause.] It was impossible for her to do otherwise, for how could she, after gaining all her strength, and beauty, and wealth, from the Union, ignominiously desert it? Never, never! They should remember that there was something more to do than to cry "Union." They should act for it, and endeavor to add everything to it, calculated to make it nobler and more glorious than at present. [Applause.] We have a mighty country now; any man might feel proud to be a citizen of it, knowing that he was not only a member of the greatest of empires, but an Emperor himself. [Cheers.] He could go to the ballot-box and feel his independence and know that his manhood was acknowledged, and that he was the peer of President, Senator and Cabinet. This independence formed the truly honest State. He looked proudly to the day when the great West would contain 100,000,000 of freemen, all bound to the Union and fighting for it. [Cheers.] Then there would be on this continent a power unrivaled in man's history—a power not only in number, but in intellect and in Christianity.—What the influence of such a mass of well educated beings would be, was beyond the range of man's comprehension; but it certainly could not fail to form a new era in the history of even our own free nation. But the time would come when our prosperity would not be marred by the cries of treason, or our independence threatened in attempts to crush out the union of our beloved nation. In closing he thanked the audience for their attention, and gave as a toast, "The city of New York."

When Mr. Crittenden resumed his seat a spontaneous burst of applause sprang up from the audience, and a call for "three more cheers for John J. Crittenden" was responded to in a most hearty manner.

A ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

"And so, 'Squire, you don't take a county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But, 'Squire, the county papers often prove a greater convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made more than three dollars by it. Now, if your neighbors had not maintained that Press and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in the papers; did that cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death was advertised with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs' house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."

"Oh, true, but—"

"Yes, yes, but these things are news to the readers. They cause the people to take the papers."

"No, no, 'Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave in the paper. Your wealth, liberality, all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types to these sayings, will remark of you, 'Poor man, devil, he is even sponging an obituary!' Good morning, 'Squire."

THE FILLISTER SCHOONER SUSAN BOUND TO GREYTOWN.—*Mobility*, Dec. 13, 1858.—The bark Oregon arrived here today, having on board Lieut. White, of the cutter McLellan, who was taken off to the Fillister Schooner, Lieutenant White reports that he left the Susan two hundred and fifty miles out, bound to Greytown. Her commander, Maury, put the Lieutenant on board the Oregon last Thursday. White says when he found the Susan, she was underweigh, he ordered her to anchor, but his orders were not heeded.

From Harper's Magazine. LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

A BALLAD.

Beneath the bill you may see the mill
Or wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether held ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.

"Was little Jerry, come grind my rye?"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat?"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

"Twas 'Little Jerry' on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable was little Jerry,
Who stored well his standing just—

"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needs't need;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be paid."

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One Autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see—
"Poor little Jerry!" wail they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
Dust to dust, the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shrouded the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-bill
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his pining soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

A Sensible Letter on Biographies.

Some time since a biographer, desirous of laying before the American public an authentic biography of the Hon. John J. Crittenden, wrote to him, asking his permission to prepare and publish such a work. Mr. Crittenden declined the request in a letter, which we give with the exception of such parts as were of a purely personal character:

FRANKFORT, Sept. 1858.

Thankful as I am to you for your offer, I cannot now give you the permission you ask to write my biography—because I did, before the date of your letter, promise that permission to another whenever I could bring myself to consent to the publication of such a work. By that promise I am bound. I may add, sir, that I have a strong disinclination to appear to assume a place among the justly distinguished characters of our country, and I have still greater aversion and disgust at the very idea of being reckoned among that numerous, vain class, that figures only in biographies. I fear the public would hardly ascribe much importance to, or take much interest in, the history of my life. And I shrink from the idea of seeming to exact more of its attention than may be due to me, or of seeming to claim for myself the recorded honors of history. It is time enough when a man is dead, to write his history. Such are my feelings on the subject.

I am respectfully, yours, &c.,
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

Mr. Buchanan and the Hon. Howell Cobb do not agree, it seems, from expressions in their late official communications, on the Tariff question. The President says:

In regard to the mode of assessing and collecting duties under a strictly revenue tariff, I have long entertained and expressed the opinion that sound policy requires this should be done by specific duties.

In my deliberate judgment, specific duties are the best if not the only means of securing the revenue against false and fraudulent invoices.

On the other hand, the Secretary of the Treasury argues that "if frauds have been practiced upon the revenue, it is not owing to our present ad valorem system."—*St. Louis News.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.—It is stated that the somewhat tedious labor of counting the number of hairs in the head, of four different colors—blonde, brown, black and red—has been successfully performed by a German savant, who thus tabularizes the result: Blonde 140,400; Brown 109,440; Black 102,960; Red 88,740.

The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight, and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads, to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.

HEARING BY MACHINERY.—Artificial ear-drums are now made of fine silver wire, with a disk of India rubber or gutta percha between. They are placed in the ear and worn without inconvenience, and it is said the effect is magical.

VIRGINIA TOBACCO TRADE.—The Tobacco trade of Virginia, including manufactured and unmanufactured, amounts to nearly \$10,000,000 belongs to the city of Richmond. The Tobacco trade of Virginia is said to be nearly double the value of the flour produced in that State. Regarding the prospects of the crop of the present year, the document referred to concludes as follows:

There can be no doubt of the fact that this year's crop of Tobacco in Virginia will be materially short of last year's. The visitation of devastating hail storms in the northeast, and the more disastrous because more general, drought in other sections, where Tobacco is chiefly grown, will cause a heavy falling off in the supplies of the next twelve months, as compared with those for the year just ended, when the receipts exceeded the average of former years 20,000 hhd's. It is to be remembered, however, that the high prices of the year 1856-7 have greatly stimulated the cultivation of Tobacco in this State and North Carolina, as evidenced by the heavy receipts just alluded to, and contributions will be received this season from counties in which, until recently, little or no Tobacco had been raised. With these considerations before us, we are inclined to believe that the deficiency of this year's crop be estimated at about 10,000 hhd's. The reports from the West are more favorable.

A correspondent of the New York Times understands that at a dinner party in Philadelphia a few days ago, where quite a number of the leading Democratic politicians of Pennsylvania were present, a toast to the health of the President of the United States, although combined with a similar compliment to the Governor of Pennsylvania, was dissonant, upon the distinct ground that Mr. Buchanan had so notoriously indorsed fraud and perjury and made the consummation and success of these crimes a test of Democratic faith! The fact is worthy of mention as an illustration of the depth of bitterness indulged in by men who for many years were the President's warmest and most servicable friends.—*Lon. Journal.*

CHINA.—The following paragraph is from a letter of Dr. Wentworth, dated at Fuh Chau, September 3d:

TEA SHIPS.—The waves of last year's monetary crash have dashed against our shores. Scores of ships have lain idle in our harbors, for three and four months together, a thing unprecedented in the trade with China. The natives cannot understand why buyers are willing to give only half as much for teas as they did last year. Exchange is nearly at par, and teas cheaper in New York than on the Boha Hills.

THE VALUE OF NEGROES.—A singular, but accurate way of estimating the price of field hands, may be found in the price of cotton. For every cent a pound for cotton a field hand will bring one hundred dollars; for instance, the present price of cotton is ten to twelve cents, and the price of a negro man is from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars. The price of the latter may not fluctuate as rapidly as cotton, but is not the less certain to follow an advance or decline of any duration.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

"Black Ingratitude."—Randolph, a colored speaker at a late Convention in Utica, told the Abolitionists and underground railroad men, "It is you and such as you who are the real enslavers of my race. Your injudicious efforts to free us have done more than all other things combined to perpetuate our bondage." Randolph doesn't seem to color the truth at least.—*Norfolk Herald.*

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.

Documents sent to the House confirm the intention of the British to abandon the Mosquito protectorate.

The Spanish Minister of State also assured Dodge that Spain had no idea of interfering with the policy of the United States, expounded by Monroe, but only desires to protect her citizens and get redress for wrongs.

HOUSE.—The committee on Territories, by five against four, rejected Grow's amendment to the Senate Oregon bill to repeal the clause prohibiting the people of Kansas from forming a constitution before there is a sufficient population for one Representative.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.

In the Senate yesterday, Mr. Bell made a speech advocating pecuniary aid to the Pacific Railroad as a means of holding our Pacific possessions, when the bill was informally laid aside.

HOUSE, Dec. 17.—There was a long discussion on the bill to provide for the annihilation of claims of the citizens of Georgia, on account of depredations of the Creek Indians, involving a million and a quarter dollars. There was some sparring between Shorter and Washburn, of Wisconsin. The latter insinuating cowardice on the part of the citizens of Alabama and Georgia in fleeing from the Indians.

The Speaker restored order and the House adjourned.

A youth, smitten with the charms of a beautiful maid, only vented his passion by shy looks, and now and then touching his fair ones toes underneath the table. The girl bore to his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out:

"Look here, if you love me tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings."

How to Keep Cabbages for Winter.—Cut off the heads, pack them in a dry barrel, and keep in a cool place, yet where they will not freeze. In this way you may preserve them as well as in any other way, for the entire winter months. Besides, it has this advantage over any mode of burying that can be named, viz: it does not subject you to the necessity of digging in the snow or frost when you want a head for use.

A speaker in a meeting, not long since enlarged upon the rascality of the devil, hit off the following pithy words:

"I tell you that the devil is an old liar, for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion, I could not go into bad company, and lie or cheat or any such things, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

SLEEP.—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, printers and telegraph operators need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can sleep twenty-four hours, and put their parish to sleep once a week.

MALAMATION IN WISCONSIN.—The following marriage notice appears in a Ripon, Wis., paper:

MARRIED.—In this city on the 10th, by the Rev. B. B. Parsons, Mr. Moses Murray, of Pittsburg, Penn., to Miss L. Story, of Ripon, Wis. And a letter to the Milwaukee News explains:

"Mr. Moses Murray, of Pittsburg, Penn., is a great six foot negro, black as Othello, or the sea of spiders, and 'Miss L. Story,' of Ripon, a white girl of sixteen! Her parents reside here, and knew nothing of the shameful affair until too late to save their child from disgraceful connection, and the fierce indignation they poured upon 'Rev. B. B. Parsons' the next day, could not undo the rash deed without a lincense.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.—Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

A lady at her marriage requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir, the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

To cure a pain in the breast—procure a well-made calico or delaine dress, with an equally well-constructed woman inside of it, and press closely to the part affected. Repeat the application till the pain ceases. Said to be a kill or cure receipt.

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals; taste enough to dress neatly; pride enough to wash before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue."

An amusing and painful incident recently took place in Cincinnati. Two young gentlemen, afflicted with St. Vitus's dance met, and each supposing the other to be mocking the other, a fight occurred of a most desperate character.

"Hillo, Mister Postmaster! and is there liver a letter here for Dennis O'Flaherty?"

"I believe there is," the postmaster stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to read it to me, seeing I had the misfortune to be educated to read never a bit?"

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster.

He then opened and read the epistle, which was from the "old country," concerning his relations there, etc. When he had finished, Dennis observed—

"And what would ye be axin' for the postage on that letter?"

"Fifty cents."

"And it's chape enough yer honor; but as I niver think of axin' ye to trust me, just keep the letter for pay; and say, Mister, if I would call in one of those days would ye write an answer to it for me?"

An exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen captain.—One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed, "Cash, two dollars a year, in advance."

Fourth of July toast by a bachelor—"The Ladies: our stars before marriage, our stripes after."

Louis XVI asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your majesty," said the count, "if it is spoken in Irish."

Men are frequently like tea—their real strength and goodness not being properly drawn